

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps, to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

No. 47.—VOL. XXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1850.

PRICE THREEPENCE.
STAMPED FOURPENCE.

JETTY TREFFZ.

THE thrush that enlivens the nightly concerts of M. Jullien with its soft song was laid up in its cage on Saturday, and its notes were missed among the torrent of belliquous sound that drenched the ears of the *habitués*. The absence of Jetty Treffz—who else but Jetty could be “the thrush,” or at least M. Jullien’s thrush—was unanimously lamented. Her illness cast a damp upon the concert and deadened its brilliancy. On Monday night, however, having gathered fresh strength from repose, the thrush reappeared, and its mellow tones filled the walls of Old Drury with melody that made the ears of the listeners tingle with delight, and their eyes glisten with contentment. The favourite had come back again, and the gloom which had hung over the brow of Jullien, like a dark shadow, had fled before the sunshine of renewed hope, which chased it to the very doors, and would not let it come in again. Jetty was in her sweetest voice and sang in her sweetest style. How she was welcomed, how applauded, how encored, need not be told. Why repeat a story to satiety, however deep its interest?

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED, ETC.

Mr. Macfarren’s new composition has been played five times. On the first night it occupied two hours and a-half in performance, and being found too long by the “executive committee, managers, and directors,” execution was done upon it, in the shape of loppings and incisions, whereby it has been reduced to a sort of *mutilé*. Enough of its original beauty of feature remains, however, to make it still an object of interest. Mr. Macfarren has breathed so much life and vigour into his music, that, like an eel, it defies the knife, and the dismembered pieces jump about with unextinguished animation. The symmetry of its form is, of course, destroyed, but melody existing in almost every bar, were it cut up into yet smaller fragments, there would be tune enough to charm the ear and satisfy the understanding. That which is of the spirit dies not. That which genius has conceived and talent accomplished is not an ephemeral thing. On Thursday we attended at Her Majesty’s Theatre, attracted by the announcement of the fifth performance of *The Sleeper Awakened*. Our surprise was great, indeed, to find it curtailed of at least an hour’s worth of beautiful music. The fine prayer cut out; the grand *finale*, which constitutes the second act, severely damaged by the extraction of the *coda* and other barbarous mutilations; the second couplet of this air omitted, the whole of that chorus, and the major part of the other recitative or instrumental passage of description. Our surprise was great and our chagrin greater. We thought of the magniloquent prospectus, of “monumental productions,” of native talent encouraged, of “**GREAT NATIONAL REQUIREMENTS**,” and of the *Quadrille* for all

Nations. Herr Labitzky, the exotic, enjoys the full measure of his dimensions—Mr. Macfarren, the indigenous, is reduced to a skeleton. Every blast of that boisterous quadrille is still nightly blown into the public ear. Not one phrase of that lovely *serenata* is spared or respected. What must be thought of such an anomaly? Can we come to any other conclusion than that the “Grand National Concerts” are founded on a grand, not national, mistake? Mr. John Barnett, who has thrown up his subscription to this journal, is a lucky man not to have applied, and not to have been applied to by the “executive committee, managers, and directors.” He has had a good miss, and, if he be the man we take him for, he will renew his subscription on the strength of it. We do not call ourselves *The Grand National World*, but simply *The Musical World*. Mr. John Barnett should not, therefore, throw us up, because we sometimes go abroad and hear French music. For us music has no country. As for the “executive committee, managers, and directors,” the word “national” has no meaning.

We love fair play, even where music is concerned; and from a society of gentlemen, who start up with the pretext of doing good to the artist and the art, by engaging one and elevating the other, we must be excused for anticipating something more than an imitation of the fanciful vagaries of M. Jullien. The Grand National Concerts have got together a splendid orchestra, but they have never yet got up a splendid concert. They have secured Balfe, one of the best of conductors, to superintend the performances, and yet the performances have never been what they ought to be. Their entertainments are neither this, that, nor the other—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Anybody has a right to set up an opposition to M. Jullien, since this is a free country; but no one has a right to begin with a prospectus which says, “We will do great things, and new—we will reform music, and refine it—we will do what was never done before—we do not want profit—we wish only to benefit artists—we will have monumental productions—we will have new works by the “author of the *Fire Fly*”—we will encourage native composers—we will not engage John Barnett—in short, what we shall do, and what we shall not do, was never done, and never could be done, yet, because *no one directing mind could compass it*—we are legion and can do it, we are noble and can recommend it, we are rich and can pay for it—you shall see what you shall see, oh, many-headed mob!—no one has a right to blow such a preparatory flourish of rhodomontade, and then set up a gigantic serpent, an unencomparable double, or rather centuple, bass, and a “quadrille for all nations,” (for all nations!) as prominent objects of attraction. What are these but Jullien out-himself’d! Oppose Jullien who pleases, and who can—but let him not brag of the purification of sins.

See the result. Even the chorus of the *Berlin Chapel* are obliged to decamp. Their country calls on them, not for a

song and an anthem, but for a sword and a buckler. Some of them are captains, and their chapel is not one of ease. They are more "national" than the "National Concerts" of London, however, and "mizzle" at a beckon from their King. Had the "National Concerts" engaged a good national chorus (we heard a famous one at Mr. Hullah's the other night), they would not have been compelled to put forth in the newspapers the most inflated clap-trap, in the shape of a puff, that was ever traced by mortal pen—they would not have exposed themselves to the animadversion of their ill-wishers by the publication of such an advertisement as this:—

"RECALL OF THE BERLIN CHOIR.

"The directors regret to announce that in consequence of the disturbed state of Prussia, the celebrated Berlin Choir has been ordered to return forthwith. Two of them being officers, and several of them soldiers, no excuse can avail; and their regiments being under orders to march, they are most anxious to rejoin their respective corps. Under these circumstances the directors are compelled to announce their two farewell performances. This evening they will sing "Non Nobis Domine," Weber's Battle Song, "Thou Sword on my Side," and "The Echo Chorus;" and to-morrow evening they will make their final appearance in England, and perform Zollner's Grand Chorus, "The March to Battle," previous to embracing another profession in the cause of their King and country."

Now really the "executive committee, managers, and directors" must have been strangely counselled when they ventured upon publishing such an apology for an approaching diminution of attraction in their concerts. Has the English public any sympathy with these "captain-choristers," going forth to battle against our hoar ally, the Ostrich? Does not the whole world know that Prussia has made an ass of herself, and has been compelled to eat her own words without any *petit verre* of consolation to digest them? What sympathies, then, are summoned by this anti-patriotic puff? The "executive committee, managers, and directors," should rather have announced that, in consequence of the unforeseen departure of the Berlin choir, a new work by John Barnett—no, by Henry Smart, John Barnett is no longer a subscriber—a new work by Henry Smart would be produced immediately after the serenatas of Macfarren, Loder, and Howard Glover had run their course of public approval or disapproval. This would have looked "national," and answered the purpose well enough. For our own parts, much as we admire the Berlin choristers, they have disappointed us. They sing nothing but slow pieces, which leads to the supposition that they cannot sing fast. Besides, they gave the double quartet from *Elijah*, "And he shall give his angels," the other night, as slow as an *adagio*. The effect was absurd; but, putting these matters out of the question, the other matters remain unanswered and unanswerable. Next week we shall enlarge upon them.

Meanwhile we have borrowed an account of *The Sleeper Awakened* from a cotemporary. The reader will find it, if he looks further on. What is there unsaid, we shall endeavour to say next week, with our own *plume*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At a general meeting of the members of the Philharmonic Society, held at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday evening, November 4, Mr. Henry C. Cooper, the violinist, was elected an Associate of that Society.

ALBERT SMITH had the largest audience in the Town Hall, at Brighton, on Friday, to his *Overland Mail*, since Jenny Lind's visit, 700 persons being present; but, owing to the admirable arrangements of Mr. Frederick Wright, who managed the entertainment, there was not the slightest confusion. At Oxford, on Monday, between two and three hundred were turned away, and at both places Albert Smith is about to repeat his visit.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE musical season has begun here earlier than usual. There are now three societies—the Philharmonique, the Union Musicale, and the St. Cecile—each with a numerous and efficient orchestra to execute the works of the great masters, ancient and modern. The lovers of choral and orchestral music have now an advantage which will be further increased when the renowned concerts of the Conservatoire (by the Société des Concerts) are resumed, which will shortly be the case. The second Philharmonic concert took place last week under the admirable direction of M. Hector Berlioz, the celebrated composer. A crowded and fashionable audience, including the *élite* of the artistic world in Paris, attended to hear the poetical symphony, entitled, *La vie d'un Artiste*, which was executed for the first time in 1830, and at once stamped Berlioz as a bold and original composer in the opinions of all capable of understanding him—of all, in fact, who not only sanction but appreciate a departure from the beaten track, especially in the form of a composition so full of genius and fancy as the *Symphonie Fantastique*. This early inspiration of Berlioz is meant to describe the life of an artist, each movement being headed in the programme with an explanation of the author's intentions. Certainly it endeavours to demonstrate that there is a great scarcity of roses in the artist's path. There are some, however, for whom happiness would not be possible without a proportionate share of pain and anxiety; and Berlioz, as one of these, stands brilliantly conspicuous among the poet-musicians of his age. Bellini was another such, in a very different way. One day, a lady was expatiating to him on the bliss enjoyed in heaven, where "no sorrow is found," when Bellini suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! dear madam, say not so! Complete happiness surely cannot exist without some little pain, however small it may be." The production of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, in 1830, created a lively sensation in the musical world. Since then, two armies have been encamped in hostile propinquity, and, with brief intervals of peace, have waged a battle that is but now decided. One alone remains. A flag was struck at the last performance. The walls of Jericho fell after being seven years encompassed by the future conqueror. The opponents of Berlioz have surrendered after a contest of nearly twenty years—an argument in favour of the walls of Jericho, which, though brick and stone, were less deaf to unanswerable truth and power. The applause bestowed on the symphony was of the most enthusiastic character, and the encore of *The Marche à Supplice* a perfect uproar. Three times was Berlioz compelled to come forward and acknowledge the unanimous tokens of entire appreciation. As it is very probable this work will be performed in London during the ensuing season, under Berlioz's own direction, an opportunity will be afforded of presenting your readers with a detailed analysis, accompanied by musical examples, which cannot fail to interest. I shall, therefore, refrain from entering minutely into the subject, my purpose being attained in publishing the fact in London of the great reaction which has taken place in Paris—the first* of musical cities—respecting the instrumental works of Berlioz. It may not be amiss here to remark on the disadvantages a symphonic writer labours under, in comparison with a dramatic composer. A symphony is produced after one or two rehearsals, and heard by the public, probably, *once*; the composer, nevertheless, is

* Second.—Ed. M. W.

judged by this one audition, and how often does that judgment involve an unfair and unmerited condemnation! The public leave the concert-room, dissatisfied at not being able to retain the different melodies as easily as those of the popular operas they may be in the habit of hearing; and even musicians have much difficulty in following the composer through the various divagations of his fancy. Yet there is no alternative; the author must appear at the bar of public opinion—a verdict must be given. No second concert takes place; for too often the symphony has been produced at great pecuniary sacrifice. How different the position of an operatic writer! His opera is represented after many careful rehearsals;* if successful, it has a long run; the overture, airs, duets, and trios, are heard at concerts, and the different themes, tortured into quadrilles and polkas, become the *délices* of the ball-room. The great majority of the public are familiar with an opera before they see it produced on the stage. In spite of these advantages on the side of the theatrical contributor, when a comparison is drawn between two men, each of whom may be great in his line, how easily is the palm awarded, and what little weight attached to the peculiar position of the orchestral writer. Fortune and honour attend the one;† the tomb may be close on the other, in the midst of privations, appreciated by a few.

[Our excellent correspondent might have added that the comparative acquirements necessary to write a good symphony, and a good opera, are altogether lost sight of. He who is able to do the first, can generally effect the second; but not vice versa.—ED.]

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

Mr. Macfarren's serenata, entitled *The Sleeper Awakened*, the first of the original works by native composers, the announcement of which was hailed as the most gratifying feature of the prospectus issued by the committee of the Grand National Concerts, was produced on Monday night with decided success, in presence of a very crowded audience. The term *serenata*, which was applied by Handel to his *Alexander's Feast* and *Acis and Galatea*, must admit in the present instance of a wide interpretation, since Mr. Macfarren's composition is essentially an opera, in four *tableaux*, and with scenery, action, and the other stage appliances, would be doubly as effective as in a concert-room, where the dramatic character of the music, at a first glance, appears somewhat out of place. In whatever form presented, however, a new contribution of such length and pretensions from the pen of one of the most eminently gifted musicians now living, is to be welcomed; and, while paying a just tribute to the spirit and discernment of the committee in bringing it before the public, we shall not stop to consider whether the execution of entire dramatic works, away from the theatre, be feasible in the long run. We may doubt the expediency of such an innovation, and the possibility of its ever being established as a precedent; but we are not the less pleased at its first results, in *The Sleeper Awakened*, which, as well as we were enabled to judge from one imperfect hearing, has added a *chef d'œuvre* to the school of English dramatic music.

The author of the libretto of *The Sleeper Awakened* has chosen an incident in the same story from the *Thousand and one Nights* which furnished Weber with the book of his comic

opera *Abon Hassan*. He has treated it with consummate skill, making it subservient to a pleasant moral, without pedantry and affection, while it forms the basis of four amusing and well-contrasted scenes. In the first scene, Hassan entertains some friends at his house in Bagdad with a story in which the happiness of constant love is apostrophised. Evening prayer being announced, the party disperse, when the approach of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid is announced by a grand procession. Dismissing his followers, the Caliph disguises himself as a merchant, and, intent upon studying the manners of his subjects, applies for hospitality at the house of Abon Hassan, from whom, and his wife, Zuleika, he receives a hearty welcome. The forbidden liquor, wine, is imbibed freely, and the Caliph seizes an opportunity, when alone with Hassan, to infuse a drug into his cup, which sends the latter to sleep, and he is then borne away by slaves to the palace. In the second scene Hassan, awaking in the palace, is persuaded to believe himself the Caliph, and his first thoughts are to bestow all kinds of presents on Zuleika, who, though absent, is still beloved, the beauties of the harem being unable to distract Hassan's attention from the thoughts of his wife. Among other edicts, the imaginary Caliph abolishes the restriction against wine, and, while indulging in the revelry consequent upon this daring step, he is again composed to sleep by the Caliph, who has been watching him all the time, and takes a favourable occasion to drug his wine as before. In the third scene the Caliph, at Hassan's house, makes professions of love to Zuleika. Pleased with the constancy of Hassan, he desires to know whether it is met by a similar feeling on the other side. His attentions are treated with contempt by Zuleika, who has never ceased to lament her missing husband. In the fourth scene Hassan is brought back, still asleep, to his own house, where, on awaking, he is so displeased with the poverty of everything, that he even treats Zuleika unkindly. Soon reconciled, however, an explanation ensues, the supposed merchant is pronounced to be a wicked magician by common consent, and when he again demands hospitality he is received with coldness. The Caliph, however, at once unfolds the mystery, rewards the constant pair with all the presents which Hassan, in his fancied dignity, had destined for Zuleika, and appoints them to high offices at the court. Nothing can be neater and more compact than the arrangement of this little story, and nothing better adapted to musical treatment. It should be remarked, also, that the poetry of the songs and duets is of a superior order, and that the ballads are unusually finished specimens of that form of lyric.

In one essential particular Mr. Macfarren has departed from the free and fragmentary form in which operas in general are composed, and endeavoured to give his serenata the unity and progressive development of a single piece of music. The various *morceaux* may, doubtless, be taken out of the framework, and performed separately, but there is no positive close in any part of the work until the whole is finished. Where a repetition of an idea, or a recurrence to a particular incident or sentiment, takes place in the story, the same musical phrases, or modifications of them, are employed. It is much to say of a composition which occupied no less than two hours and a-half in execution, without "entr'actes" or intervals of repose, that in no one place is there evidence of weakness, and that the interest never ceases. That every part of the work should be equally striking and beautiful was of course out of the question, or that every part should be equally new; but though here and there a want of true inspiration may be felt, and occasionally a resemblance to some-

* Unless it be an English opera, and produced in London.—ED.

† Not always.

thing heard before, the musician's art has been used to such advantage, that the ear and the judgment are satisfied, even when the former may be neither surprised nor delighted. But without attempting an analysis of the music, let us mention some of the pieces from which we received the most pleasure, and which appeared to us most worthy of Mr. Macfarren's talent and reputation. The overture, a showy and brilliant orchestral movement in E flat, is full of clever writing, spirited, and characteristic of the subject it precedes. One or two of the vocal melodies are happily employed as themes. Bustling, effervescent, and never obtruding sentiment for the sake of contrast, it is precisely what the overture to a comic opera should be. As a piece of instrumentation, it must also be praised for ingenuity, variety of colour, and power of combination. The opening chorus of Hassan's friends, "Applaud him, applaud him," is a lively and well-marked tune, subsequently employed more than once in the serenata, and always to good purpose. The duettino for Hassan and Zuleika, "Oh, when the weary heart is bless'd," in G, is a flowing allegretto, the chief characteristic of which, however, is extreme simplicity. The prayer, "Mighty Allah rules the East," is striking and dramatic, the announcement in unison being well opposed to the elaborate orchestral treatment of the latter part. The march of the Caliph's procession in C major, commencing softly, and leading, by means of an effective crescendo, to a pompous and animated fortissimo, is also an imposing piece of instrumentation. The trio, or second theme in F, for the cornet, though less original than the first, by skillfully-managed contrast, adds to the general effect. "Beautiful night," a barytone song for the Caliph, is a pretty, sentimental ballad in A flat, with an obligato accompaniment for the clarinet. The trio, "Open, open," for Zuleika, Hassan, and the Caliph, is a long and admirably written piece of concerted music, in which a quaint arietta, "Should joy with smiling face invite," forms an agreeable episode. Some passages in the opening of this trio slightly recall the great duet in *Guillaume Tell*, "Dove vai;" but for the most part, it is quite as original as masterly. A canone for the three voices in E flat, "Good night," is written with that perfect smoothness which only the practised musician can accomplish; as a specimen of vocal part-writing it may be accepted for a model, while the leading theme is exceedingly graceful. Hassan's song, "The Caliph sits in a hall of gold," in C, is one of the newest and most genuine of the vocal solos, a bold and strongly marked melody being set off by a spirited and peculiar orchestral treatment. We are much mistaken if this fails to become a general favourite with our tenor singers. "Gone, he's gone," a cavatina in D flat, is one of the most effective and brilliant bravuras ever written for the contralto, which, since Rossini abandoned composition, is not over rich in pieces for display. The present *morceau* will be a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of those vocalists who are not happy enough to be born with soprano voices. The second scene, although a pretty ballad for Hassan, "A vision most gorgeous," is introduced, must be regarded as a single piece of music, and, indeed, as the grand finale of the opera, or serenata, whichever it may be designated. The action shows Hassan awaking in the palace, supposing himself Caliph, abolishing the restrictions against wine, and indulging in a boisterous revelry. The actors are Hassan, the Caliph, and his attendants, who wait upon Hassan. This scene, in our opinion, is not only the most exciting, but the most ingenious and musicianlike in the whole work. The interest accumulates as the scene pro-

gresses, and the Bacchanalian chorus for Hassan and the attendants, "Fill ye pious Moslems," is worked up with surprising power, and makes a brilliant climax. This scene would be very effective on the stage, since it possesses the dramatic element in the highest perfection. The incidental ballet music, noted in the book, has been judiciously omitted, with the exception of one piece—"ballabile," so called—a kind of galop, which, not being at all original, might also be rejected without damage to the rest of this vigorous and ably-constructed scene. In the third scene there is a barytone song for the Caliph, "Oh listen, sweetest, listen,"—a ballad, well enough in its way; and a duet for the Caliph and Zuleika, in which the most remarkable passage is a beautiful *cantabile* in E flat, 9-8 measure, "Would that my heart." But, whether musically or dramatically regarded, this scene, although essential to the development of the story, is by far the least interesting of the four. In the last scene there is a fine duet in D, for Zuleika and Hassan, the longest and perhaps the best in the serenata. Here, also, is interwoven an episodic ballad for the lady, in A, "The hour when first my glance met thine," which is quite a gem, and cannot fail to become popular. In the finale some repetitions of the earlier parts of the serenata occur. Though short, it is clever and in excellent keeping, while the chorus, "Applaud them, applaud them," makes just as joyous a conclusion as it formed a spirited opening to the serenata. On the whole, *The Sleeper Awakened* must be regarded as a work of very high character and pretensions, and likely to add to Mr. Macfarren's already distinguished reputation.

In speaking of the execution we must allow for the inaccuracies inseparable from our English system of according a couple of rehearsals at the outside to a composition of no matter what length and difficulty. All things considered, however, the serenata went remarkably well. Mr. Balfe worked zealously, and the overture and orchestral accompaniments were executed with admirable precision under his experienced and vigorous guidance. The chorus, though scarcely more than half enough in number to balance the tone of such a large and powerful orchestra, got through their task—by no means an easy one, since Mr. Macfarren has made prodigal use of them throughout the work—most efficiently. The principal singers were Mademoiselle Angri (Zuleika), Mr. Sims Reeves (Hassan), and Mr. Bodda (Haroun Almschid). Mademoiselle Angri sang for the first time in English, and came triumphantly out of the ordeal. Her splendid bravura singing in the cavatina, "Gone, he's gone," was nothing new from her, since every one knew her excellence in this essentially Italian school of vocalizing; but few were prepared for the simple and exquisite taste with which she warbled the ballad, "The hour when first my glance met thine," which is quite out of her usual line. In the arietta, too, "Should joy with smiling face invite," Mademoiselle Angri gave such an arch and genuine reading that she was unanimously called upon to repeat it. Mr. Sims Reeves was of eminent service in the music of *Abon Hassan*, singing with amazing spirit, and introducing wherever it was possible (as, for example, in the scene where Hassan supposes himself Caliph,) as much dramatic action and by-play as circumstances would permit, and always with the best effect. He sang the ballad, "A vision most gorgeous," delightfully; and the encore he obtained was richly merited. Mr. Bodda, with a little more vivacity, would have been excellent as the Caliph, whose music is scarcely less important than that allotted to Hassan. Mr. Bodda is evidently a very good musician; his voice is an agreeable barytone, and his style of singing pleasing and un-

affected. His best performance was the duet with Mdle. Angri, although he sang the serenade, "Oh, listen, sweetest, listen," with nice feeling.

A more genuine success could not have been desired. The audience, though very closely packed, were always attentive, and never noisy. The music was well appreciated throughout, and we were much gratified to observe that the tiresome and obstinate attempts of interested persons to force encores for what are termed the "selling" songs, which so frequently arrest the progress of a first performance, and put the "paying" audience out of humour, were abandoned on the present occasion, whereby the music, the artists, and the listeners, were equally gainers. By the production of *The Sleeper Awakened* the committee of the Grand National Concerts have shown their intention to fulfil the most important of their pledges to the public, and we heartily wish them success in carrying out an idea for which they deserve the highest credit.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

On Monday night M. Jullien produced his *Great Exhibition Quadrille* with a pomp and parade that put all his previous essays into the shade. "The all-absorbing subject," as M. Jullien styles the *Great Exposition of 1851*, was foreshadowed with an amount of noise, and a variety of effect, unparalleled in the history of promenade concerts. Besides his own band, strengthened by those of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery, 2d Life Guards, and Coldstream Guards (under the respective directions of Messrs. Collins, Grattan, Cooke, and Godfrey), a corps of French *tambours*, in the costume of the National Guard, headed by M. Barbier, the accredited tambour major, with his huge *canne à pomme d'or*, to enforce obedience and insure precision, swelled out the ranks of the executants to such a degree that the orchestra was obliged to be raised nearly on a level with the highest row of boxes to accommodate them. The *coup d'œil* was imposing and picturesque, and when M. Jullien appeared upon the platform in the centre to complete the picture, a shout of applause arose from every part of the house. The first four figures of M. Jullien's *Great Exhibition Quadrille* are composed of melodies from foreign sources, which are made the bases of variations for some of his most popular solo performers. After a mysterious introduction, in which the Russian National Hymn forms a prominent feature, and is made subservient to some striking instrumental combinations, the corps of French *tambours* commence the first figure, with a *pas accéléré*, introducing the "chamade," the "chant d'honneur," and other familiar performances. A *pas redoublé* is then taken up by the three military bands, and the figure concludes with the "Marseillaise," given out with overwhelming loudness by the united body of executants. The success of the quadrille was pretty well assured by this first figure. The *tambours* made a prodigious effect. Their precision, and the skilful manner in which they graduated from the loudest *fortissimo* to an absolute *pianissimo*, preserving all the delicacy and crispness of their beat, created quite a novel impression. The applause was unanimous in honour of the French drummers, and was renewed at the end of the "Marseillaise," which was immediately encored. The second figure is composed of a quaint Spanish tune, entitled, "Sapatieodo," with variations for oboe, flute, and flageolet, admirably played by MM. Lavigne, Pratten, and Collinet, and received with the greatest favour. Nor must the guitar

accompaniments, allotted to the Messrs. Ciebra, which heightened the national colour of the melody, be passed over without a word of acknowledgment. Figure No. 3 is preceded by a graceful Sicilian serenade, the subject of which, appropriately given to the *corna musa*, was played by M. Souallé, accompanied by Mr. Streather on the harp. The figure itself, composed of a Piedmontese "Monferina" and a Neapolitan *Tarantella*, in which the castagnettes were cleverly handled by Signor Baldacci, was full of life and vigour. The fourth figure is founded upon the popular French air, "Partant pour la Syrie," which M. Jullien, without furnishing an authority, declares to be borrowed from "an old Eastern melody." The melody, however, is too eminently French in character to admit of any such supposition. Nevertheless, it served very well for three effective variations, on the "Bombardon" (a somewhat incongruous title, says a morning contemporary,* for one of the finest of the instruments invented by M. Sax), the trombone, and the cornet à piston, which were rendered with great taste and facility by MM. Sommers, Cioffi, and Kœnig. In the fifth and last figure M. Jullien has brought all his resources into play, and concentrated the dramatic marrow of his narrative. The theme is "The march of all nations to London." The morning of the "all-absorbing event" is supposed to have arrived, and the chimes of London, "echoed far and wide," announce the glad occurrence. Fragments of the preceding themes are here intermingled in curious disarray, and when the ear has been sufficiently excited by this motley coincidence of national tunes, the subject of the English National Anthem is heard to steal in softly, and after some intervals of interruption, ingeniously contrived (one of which is appropriately filled up by "Rule Britannia"), the combined mass of instrumentalists, military bands, *tambours*, and all, join in the one familiar theme, which forms a climax as irresistible as it is obstreperous.

While according to M. Jullien the merit of having conceived and accomplished such a tumult of orchestral harmony as was perhaps never before submitted to the ears of an appreciating public, we must not withhold from him the

* In answer to this, Herr Sommers has written a letter to *The Times* claiming the "Bombardon" as his own invention:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"Sir,—In your notice of the 'Great Exhibition Quadrille' by M. Jullien, produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Monday evening last, reference was made, among others, to a solo played by me on the 'bombardon,' accompanied by the following remarks:—'A somewhat incongruous title for one of the finest of the instruments invented by M. Sax.' The title, though copied correctly from the bills of the day, is, nevertheless, incorrect; the instrument I played upon is a 'euphonium,' in the production of which M. Sax had nothing whatever to do. I had it made (originally) in Germany from my own instructions, where I continued to use it, and at other parts of the Continent, until my arrival in this country, when I was induced to have one made by an English manufacturer; I accordingly directed Messrs. Pask and Kœnig, of the Strand, to carry out my wishes, to whose skill I am now indebted for the possession of an instrument so much improved as to call forth my praise and admiration.

"From the desire, always so prominent in the columns of *The Times*, to award merit where merit is due, I am induced to beg the favour you would confer upon me by the insertion of this letter.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient and obliged servant,

"HERR SOMMER, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

"Nov. 19."

It appears, in these days of Böhm flutes and flutes *Böhmte*, that every man who bores a new hole, makes a minute puncture, affixes a bit of silver, and gives a droll name to an ancient instrument, straightway takes out a patent and dubs himself an inventor. The bombardon is not the less the original idea of M. Sax, however, in spite of its name, as any one who has heard the *Prophète* in Paris can testify.

praise which, in other respects, becomes less questionably his due. Besides being sparkling and agreeable throughout, owing to the unceasing contrast and variety of effect, the *Great Exhibition Quadrille* allows no time for the critical hearer to make objections. It bears evidence, moreover, of considerable ingenuity in the disposition of the materials of which it is composed, while, in the variations, the capabilities of the separate instruments are successfully consulted. Each of the melodies is arranged for the orchestra in a manner peculiarly suited to its national character. By these means the attention of the hearer is kept alive to the end, and the climax attained without a single interval of monotony. Of course we do not regard the *Great Exhibition Quadrille* with the gravity due to a musical composition of serious aim and import; but for what it pretends to be nothing can well be more lively and entertaining. The audience were pleased from first to last, and the conclusion, accompanied by those uproarious demonstrations which seem now to be considered indispensable during a performance of the National Anthem, was followed by loud and long-continued plaudits. An especial ovation was accorded to the French drummers, who, in return, saluted their English auditory with a repetition of the "chant d'honneur." The finale was encored, "Rule Britannia" demanded and executed, and then, in obedience to the unanimous summons, M. Jullien came forward and was received with a volley of cheers.

The introduction of the French *Corps de Tambours* into this country will not have the effect merely of entertaining the public. A more grave result may be anticipated. It will awaken the spirit of competition in the breasts of our own drummers, and thereby tend to the amelioration of the British army. Another reason in support is, the "name in history" which a clever scribe in a great morning paper prophesies for Jullien.

In the second part of the concert M. Demunck, a Belgian violoncellist of repute, played the variations of Servais on the waltz entitled "Le Desir." M. Demunck is an executant of first-rate abilities, and yields to few in purity of tone and neatness of mechanism. Several of his *tours de force* are perfectly new. He is a valuable acquisition to M. Jullien's instrumental strength. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, who, in consequence of indisposition, had been absent from her post on Saturday night, was warmly welcomed on coming forward to sing "The last violet" of Mendelssohn. Although the remains of cold were evident, she sang with her usual sweetness, and was encored in both her songs. The house was crowded in every part.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

Mr. Hullah has led the way this year with one of those grand choral entertainments which rank among the chief attractions of the winter musical season in London. On Wednesday night he gave the first of a series of "eight monthly concerts of ancient and modern music," in the large room of St. Martin's Hall. His chorus, numerous and powerful, was selected as usual from the first upper singing school. Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ, and a band of considerable force was led by Mr. Blagrove. Mr. Hullah himself officiating in his accustomed post as conductor. The selection comprised Beethoven's first mass in C major, and Handel's "Allegro ed il Penseroso," part 1.

Though a very beautiful work, and decidedly the best of the two masses left us by Beethoven, there are not a great many

indications of his most individual manner in the mass in C. The finest passages, and those most essentially belonging to his afterwards matured style, are the opening of the "Credo," the mysterious expression of the words "Genitum non factum," in the same movement, and the whole of the "Agnus Dei," with its rare melody, flowing accompaniment, and, above all, the sublime point at the words "miserere nobis," which, perhaps, no other composer could have illustrated with such extraordinary depth of meaning. The other parts of the work, and more especially the fugue that terminated the "Credo," vigorous though it be, and the short *fugato* uniting the "Sanctus" to the "Benedictus," on the words "Hosanna in excelsis," do not evince that peculiar originality of colouring which in so many of his works separates Beethoven from every composer. The first mass is not the less, however, a noble and masterly production, which, excepting one or two of the very best of Haydn, and not excepting the mass in F of Cherubini, occupies the highest place among the examples of that peculiar form of church music which only the greatest composers have successfully cultivated. The performance last night, under Mr. Hullah's direction, was on the whole complete and satisfactory. The solo parts were rendered by Miss Birch, Mrs. Noble, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Bodda, with care and invariable correctness; and the choral singers, in their precision and forcible *ensemble*, gave signs of effective training. All that we missed was a certain delicacy of *nuance*, the absence of which is a too frequent drawback to our instrumental and vocal orchestras, which might otherwise challenge those of any country in Europe. Until this be obtained we shall never have anything like perfection in those departments.

L'Allegro ed il Penseroso, a musical setting of certain passages in Milton's celebrated poem, is not among the happiest inspirations of Handel, although it contains two of his best songs—"Haste ye, nymph," and "Let me wander not unseen." It is almost entirely made up of recitatives and airs, which, for the most part, have succumbed to the influence of time, their freshness flown, their early vigour faded. It is certainly not on this work that Handel has lavished the riches of his invention. An absence of fire is felt throughout, while the airs and vocal divisions, with their prolix *ritournelles* and *obligato* accompaniments, elaborately dull, drag their slow length along, with little charm for modern ears. Of course, whatever Handel wrote is worth preserving, and may be consulted with advantage by the student, since the master is always evident, and symmetry of form preserved in every instance. But what is excellent for the closet is not necessarily good for the concert-room; and, with the utmost admiration for the genius of one of the most wonderful men whom the art has known, we humbly confess our inability to enjoy even one part of such a composition as the "Allegro ed il Penseroso" at a single hearing. Moreover, we are inclined to think that Handel prepared this work with an especial view to produce effect through the medium of particular singers, and music of such a kind rarely outlives its own time. That which is written for the sake of art alone is likely to survive. The weakest thing in Weber's *Oberon* is the grand aria expressly composed for Braham at the request of that eminent singer, and the least admirable of Handel's songs are those written at the instigation of others for the display of certain peculiarities of voice or execution. Most of these are omitted in the modern performances of his oratorios, and many such, we have reason to think, are to be found in the "Allegro ed il Penseroso," which abounds much less in grandeur and variety of choral effect than is ordinarily the

case with Handel's works. The principal vocalists last night, Misses Birch and Kearns, Messrs. Lockey and Bodda, took commendable pains with their airs and recitatives, all of them singing well, Mr. Lockey especially. Mr. Hullah directed the band and chorus with the ease and decision resulting from a thorough acquaintance with the score, and the audience listened with devout attention to the end. But so many slow airs in almost uninterrupted succession, with a somewhat monotonous style of instrumentation (no additional accompaniments being permitted), were naturally found tedious, and, except the encore, never refused to "Haste ye, nymph," with its laughing chorus (by no means unmerited by Mr. Bodda, who sang it with spirit), there were very few evidences of enthusiasm during the performance. Still Mr. Hullah deserves credit for having presented an almost unknown work of a great master to the public; and had he placed it before, instead of after, the rich and sonorous mass of Beethoven, it would, in all likelihood, have passed off less heavily.

Between the parts the orchestra of stringed instruments executed the first concerto of Handel, with *obligato* parts for Messrs. Blagrove, Watkins, and Reid. This, though a curiosity, was too much of a colour with what followed, and did not create a very lively impression. After the mass the National Anthem was performed by the principal singers in harmony. The room was quite full, and, on appearing in the orchestra, Mr. Hullah experienced a flattering reception.

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

MICHEL ANGELO.—The most serious exception made to the general composition of the painting of the "Last Judgment," was that of violating decorum in representing so many figures without drapery. The first person who made this objection was the Pope's master of the ceremonies. * * * This circumstance caused Michel Angelo to introduce his portrait into the picture with asses ears; and, not overlooking the duties of his temporal office, he represented him as master of the ceremonies in the lower world, ordering and directing the disposal of the damned; and, to heighten the character, he is entwined with a serpent, Dante's attribute of Minos. It is recorded that the monsignore petitioned the Pope to have this portrait taken out of the picture, and that of the painter put in its stead; to which the Pope is said to have replied, "Had you been in purgatory there might have been some remedy, but from hell *nulla est redemptio*." This portrait still remains.—*Duppa's Life of Michel Angelo*.

Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
Glean after what it can. The voice of great
Or graceful thoughts is sweeter far than all
Word-music! and great thoughts, like great deeds, need
No trumpet. Never be in haste in writing.
Let that thou utterest be of Nature's flow,
Not Art's—a fountain's, not a pump's. But once
Begun, work thou all things into thy work;
And set thyself about it, as the sea
About earth, lashing at it day and night,
And leave the stamp of thy own soul in it
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,
Rending the stones, and crying, Resurrection!

Bailey's Festus.

THE SPEECH OF ANGELS.—Angelic speech consists of distinct words, like human speech, and is equally sonorous; for angels have a mouth, a tongue, and ears like men. * * * I have been told that the primitive language of mankind on earth was in agreement with angelic language, because they had it from heaven, and that the Hebrew tongue agrees with it in some particulars. * * * The angels know the character of any one merely from his speech. From its sound they discern the quality of his affection, and from the articulations of its sound, or his words, they discern the quality of his mind. * * * The speech of hypocrites, who are able to assume the appearance of angels of light, is like the speech of angels; but as to affections and consequent ideas of thought it is diametrically opposite: wherefore their speech, when its interior quality is perceived by the wise angels, is heard as the gnashing of teeth, and strikes them with horror.—*Swedenborg's Heaven and Hell*.

REASONS FOR LEARNING TO SING.—William Bryde, one of the greatest musicians of the Elizabethan age, in the preface to his collection of "Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie," published in 1598, gives the following reasons for learning to sing, the amusing quaintness of which is mingled with good sense.

"Reasons brieflie set down by th' auctor to perswade everie one to learn to sing:—

- "1. It is a knowledge easilie taught and quicklie learned, when there is a good master and an apt scholar.
- "2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.
- "3. It doth strengthen all parts of the heart, and doth open the pipes.
- "4. It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.
- "5. It is the best means to preserve a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.
- "6. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare that there is not one amongst a thousand that hath it; and, in manie, that excellent gift is lost, because they want an art to express nature.
- "7. There is not any musicke of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.
- "8. The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voyce of man is chiefly to be employed to that end. *Omnis spiritus laudet dominum*.

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

ORIGINALITY.—Great men are more distinguished by range and extent, than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, their web from their own bowels, no great men are original. Nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press of knights, and the thick of events; and, seeing what men want, and sharing their desire, he adds the needful length of sight and of arm, to come at the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. A poet is no rattle-brain, saying what comes uppermost, and because he says everything, saying, at last, something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country. * * * Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind.—EMERSON.

Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight;
Each yielding harmony disposed aright.
The screws reversed,
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,—
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

Othello was given on Saturday, Mr. Macready playing Iago. This is one of the great actor's most complete and powerful performances, nor do we think he ever played it with more effect than on the night in question. Mr. Macready will repeat Iago on two more occasions, when we would strongly advise all true lovers of Shakspeare and art, in its most subtle and truthful development, to attend the performances.

Mr. Davenport's *Othello* was a creditable assumption. He was most deficient in the tempestuous passages. The whirlwind of the Moor's rage did not sit well on him. We liked him much in the earlier scenes, and some portions of the last act went far to please us.

On Monday Mr. Macready played Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. The tragedy was got up with more than usual care. Mr. Cooper was engaged expressly to play Casca, and the whole strength of the company was made available. If the cast were not all that could have been desired, it was certainly above cavi, and, in some respects, right good. Mr. Davenport's Cassius cannot be pronounced one of his most happy delineations. Mr. Howe, on the other hand, made a decided hit in Marc Antony. The speech over the dead body of Cæsar, in the market-place, was delivered with so much boldness and reality, that the actor was honoured with a separate recall at the end of the scene. Did Mr. Howe possess a little more refinement, and did he display less swagger in his deportment, we might expect some day hence to be inditing great things of his doing. Perhaps this very lack of refinement, and this swagger of person, constitute the power and truthfulness of certain characters.

A Priori, we should say of Brutus that it was a character out of Mr. Macready's line. After seeing him play the part, however, the idea would be materially modified. While taking exception to much of Mr. Macready's Brutus, on the score of its want of sustained dignity throughout, and the manifestation of that under-current of impetuosity which is foreign to the character, and which the actor can never conceal, there was so much that was really admirable, so many exquisite and delicate touches of the natural, and some scenes so strikingly forcible, that we cannot forbear pronouncing it to be a first-rate performance. The scenes with Portia and Lucius were both intensely affecting; and the parting with Cassius, as natural as anything we have seen on the stage. It was Mr. Macready's last appearance in Brutus. To-night he plays Cassius for the last time. Unanimous opinion has proclaimed Cassius one of Mr. Macready's very finest personations; and, from what we remember of the performance some ten years since, we feel inclined to concur in the verdict of unanimous opinion.

On Wednesday Mr. Macready performed *Othello* for the last time; and on Thursday *Macbeth*, for the last time but one.

Shakspeare's *Richard the Second* is in active preparation, and will be produced shortly. Mr. Macready plays the King. It will be his first appearance in the part in London, and will constitute the last novelty of his performances.

ADELPHI.

A very good specimen of the Adelphi school of drama was brought out on Monday night. It is more intrinsically interesting, depends less on external means, and is more carefully written than many pieces of the kind, and rises

above the ordinary melodrama into the "drame," in the French sense of the word. The authors are Mr. Robert Brough, one of the "brothers" hitherto known only in the comic line, and Mr. Bridgeman, a novice in the honourable profession of play-building.

The piece is entitled *Jessie Gray*, and the young lady (Madame Celeste) from whom it takes its name is the supposed niece of an old gentleman, who, though called "Dr. Gray" (Mr. O. Smith), is only an apothecary. The nephew (Mr. Boyce) of a haughty baronet (Mr. Hughes) courts her in the disguise of an artist, and when his uncle, who has higher views for him, exposes his real character, he defies his relative, and declares that he will marry the humble object of his love. The baronet, who is as unscrupulous as he is haughty, now determines to break off the match by destroying Jessie's character, and he employs precisely the same means as those adopted by Don John in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The agents he employs are one of Gray's assistants (Mr. Honey), who has poisoned a footman by mistake; a military gamester (Mr. C. J. Smith), whom he can denounce for the use of loaded dice; and Gray's housekeeper (Mrs. Lawes). Jessie is sent to sleep by an opiate, her lover is made to behold two figures at her window, who are in fact the housekeeper and the assistant, and the captain assumes to be the Lothario out of doors. The lover is of course driven to distraction, but the baronet perceiving that love is not quite extinct in him, projects a plan for carrying off Jessie Gray in a yacht. All of a sudden his views are changed by the discovery that Jessie is his own child, and he is but too happy to unite her to his nephew.

Each of the incidents, taken separately, could be traced to some previous work, but the combination evinces a fresh and original spirit, and a determination to leave trodden ways. The comic portion, sustained by the medical assistant, his sweetheart (Miss Fitzwilliam), and his friend, a performer in *poses plastiques* (Mr. Paul Bedford), is well connected with the serious business, and written with no small perception of character. The serious portion evinces care and consideration, but here the dialogue would be improved by lightening.

Most of the actors in this drama are so well known that we may content ourselves with saying they displayed their usual talent. A special word may, however, be given to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Honey. The former of these gentlemen has an important career before him; he may, if he chooses, take up the serious line so long filled by the lamented Mr. Yates, and find no one to contest his laurels. He is a melodramatist of great intelligence; there is not a movement in his countenance which is not the result of careful deliberation. What he should aim at is the power of elevating the parts he undertakes. If we forget that the villain of the piece is a baronet, Mr. Hughes's acting was most admirable; it was the cool, designing, bad man throughout; but, on the other hand, when we remember that he is a man of high family, plotting to secure the honour of that family at any expense, we feel that the aristocratic bearing is wanting. Mr. Honey, who played the assistant, tormented by the conglomerated miseries of a poisoned footman, the destruction of Jessie's fame, and a prospective college examination, came out with an exhibition of grotesque humour, and delivered his words with a quaintness that quite took the audience by surprise. Such a success as he achieved is enough to make an epoch in an actor's career, and he may even turn to account his hardness of manner as an original qualification.

Jessie Gray is a decided "hit," and the two authors

obeyed an universal summons when they bowed from their box.

SADLER'S WELLS.

It has ever been the delight of the present managers of Sadler's Wells to seek after dramatic curiosities. Here the less familiar of Shakspeare's plays have been revived; forgotten works of Beaumont and Fletcher have been taken from the shelf; and on Wednesday night a still bolder attempt was made by the production of the *Duchess of Malfi*, one of the most celebrated plays of old, strong, and—we must add—barbarous John Webster. It was originally acted some time before 1619, and after the Restoration it was revived with success. The last time of its performance seems to have been in 1707.

Those of our literary critics who have been fascinated by the vigour of Webster's writing, and his peculiar mastery in awakening sensations of terror, regard the *Duchess of Malfi* as his greatest creation. The plot of this work is simple to the last degree, but the author has filled it with horror, mental and physical, to its extreme complement. The Duchess of Amalfi, in Italy (corrupted to "Malfi"), secretly marries her own steward; and her brothers, a prince and a cardinal, by means of a hired miscreant, deliberately murder her, as a punishment for the stain on the family honour. Prior to her death, however, they visit her with a series of moral tortures. She is made to see a wax figure, which she takes for the corpse of her husband; all the inmates of a madhouse are turned loose about her to terrify her with their horrible antics, a funeral dirge is sung over her while she is still living, and at last her windpipe is closed by the fatal cord. The scene in which this banquet of horrors is presented is the most renowned in the piece, and here we may cite the comment of Charles Lamb, one of the most admiring of Webster's critics.

He says, "All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the Duchess's death is ushered in are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of this life, so her language seems not of this world. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed unto that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair, her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale. What are 'Luke's iron crown,' the brazen bull of Phalaris, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, to the wild masque of madmen, the tombmaker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees? To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit,—this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horrors' head horrors accumulate, but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum."

There is certainly a grandeur about Webster; lines might be taken from this piece of surpassing strength, and now and then the depths of human nature are sounded with a strange sort of instinct. The distich which points the moral of the whole tale—

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds we are cut by our own dust,

is of itself a brilliant scintillation of a kind of ghastly wit. But still we would warn enthusiasts against regarding such a work as the *Duchess of Malfi* as anything beyond a curiosity. It is, we are ready to admit, a fine specimen of pristine strength, but let us not be too ready to take a monument for a model.

Mr. Horne, a gentleman of high poetical feeling, and endowed with a peculiar elegance of mind, has accomplished very skilfully the task of rendering the sanguinary work of John Webster tolerable on a modern stage, cutting away, by the bye, some of the very horrors which excited Lamb's admiration. Those who are familiar with the original, and are acquainted with the rude coarseness of the dialogue and the atrocities ordered by the stage directions, will see that he has had no easy problem to solve. But the revolting nature of the story, and the anti-climax of the fifth act, in which the several villains kill one another, are beyond the reach of the reformer's skill.

For the style in which the piece is produced, the managers and actors of Sadler's Wells are entitled to all praise. Miss Glyn's performance of the Duchess is one of the most striking achievements of that rising actress. The scenes, intrinsically coarse, in which she makes love to her steward, were admirably softened by the playful spirit of coquetry which she infused into them. The soft passages of sorrow stole with mournful effect upon the naturally mirthful temperament, and when her wrongs aroused her alike to a sense of pain and dignity, her denunciations were terrific. Ferdinand is a less refined character than the Duchess, but the transition from malice to remorse was finely represented by Mr. Phelps, and Mr. G. Bennett is a thorough intentional villain in the part of Bosola.

At the end the applause of the audience was loud, continuous, and unanimous, and Mr. Horne and all the chief actors were called.

MARYLEBONE.

On Thursday evening this neat and elegant little theatre was opened, under the management of Mr. Joseph Stammers. First nights are not very safe criterions of the success that is to follow; but, as far as such uncertain data will allow us to judge, the crowded state of the house gave excellent promise of the future. The play chosen was *The Hunchback*, and the twin stars of the evening were Mrs. Nisbett and her sister, Miss Mordaunt. Of the former lady we need say no more than that she was as graceful, arch, and piquant as ever, making her merry laugh ring through the house with all its wonted gusto. Miss Mordaunt, the Julia, took us, and, we believe, the audience, by surprise. The early scenes were rather tame, but no sooner did the part give her scope than she showed powers that promise a speedy and bright maturity. Her delineation exhibited a vigour and impulsiveness that elicited the most unequivocal admiration. There was a little inflation of manner in the more declamatory passages, and an occasional stiffness in her action, which a little time will, perchance, remove. Miss Mordaunt possesses that desideratum so rarely to be met with at minor theatres—the carriage and demeanour of a perfect lady. In short, we believe we may congratulate not only Mr. Stammers, but the metropolitan stage, on having obtained a valuable acquisition in this lady. In the course of the evening several old favourites, and some new ones, appeared, whom we shall take an early opportunity of duly noticing. A word, meantime, for Mr. James Johnstone, who made an excellent Master Walter.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S THIRD CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quintet—Pianoforte, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon
(in E Flat) Mozart.
Song—Mrs. St. Albyn, "Spring Song" Mendelssohn.
Grand Sonata—Pianoforte, (in C, Op. 53) Beethoven.

PART II.

Grand Quintet—Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello,
and Contra Basso, (in E Flat Minor, Op. 87) Hummel.
Song—Mrs. St. Albyn "Where the bee sucks" Dr. Arne.
Miscellaneous Selection—Pianoforte Schubert.

We had again a rich treat at the Assembly Room here on Thursday, the 14th inst. Hallé's third concert was the best, perhaps, he has ever given (we don't know—every concert he gives seems better than its predecessor—yet that can hardly be possible); at all events, it was a very charming concert. The room was as full as ever, and the audience as attentive. The programme, as above, exhibits more novelty. At the last concert we had two *trios*—one by Mozart, the other by F. Schubert. On this occasion we had two quintets in still greater contrast—one for four wind instruments and pianoforte by Mozart, the other for pianoforte and four stringed instruments by Hummel; the former giving us an early opportunity of comparing Mozart's treatment of oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and pianoforte with Beethoven's, which we had for the same combination at the first concert this season (Oct. 10). All this not only shows Hallé's good taste and judgment, but enables him to employ a goodly number of his brother artists. No less than six of the newly imported, three of the old hands, and Mrs. St. Albyn (late Miss Stewart), were engaged, the last, of course, as vocalist. Mr. R. Andrews, accompanist; violin, Mr. Seymour; tenor, Mons. Baetens; violoncello, Herr Lidel; contra-basso, Mr. Waud; oboe, Mr. Jennings; clarinet, Mr. Sorge; horn, Mr. Edwards; and bassoon, Mr. Chisholme. Mozart's quintet (in E flat) is a very fine composition; the harmonies produced by the four wind instruments, sustained as it were by the left hand notes of the pianoforte, have a beautiful effect, and the playing of all the four in the soli, or obligato parts, which each has nicely in turn, were so good as to leave little to be desired. Mr. Chisholme's tones on the bassoon were remarkably fine; Mr. Sorge and Mr. Jennings were equally good on the clarinet and oboe; Mr. Edwards, too, overcame his difficult instrument (the horn) in masterly style, and acquitted himself infinitely better than he did in the Beethoven quintet last month. We shall make no attempt at description, or take up further space than to say that the quintet was a flow of melodious beauty, gave great and general satisfaction, and that Hallé did his part like a master, as he always does at these concerts. His great forte, however, is in the sonatas of Beethoven—one of which he always contrives to give us on these occasions. The one given on this evening was the one in C, Op. 53: it is a most wonderful composition, full of difficulties, fertile in melody and originality, and requires most extraordinary talent in the player. The "allegro con brio" is full of those extreme contrasts in which Beethoven is so apt to indulge—gay and sad, furious and pensive, by turns—here a snatch of lovely melody, to be given as piano as possible—then a torrent of thunder, in octaves requiring the utmost power. The second movement—the adagio—is singularly solemn and beautiful, more like a funeral dirge, with the tolling of the passing bell, at the commencement, than anything we could liken it to; then by degrees this merges into the third movement without pause (the finale—allegro moderato), which is brilliant and startling again, like the opening. Hallé deserves all the applause which is liberally bestowed upon these performances. We only wish we could sketch out Beethoven's design in these master works as readily as your "J. de C." unravels a dramatic or an operatic plot—describe Hallé's playing with all the gusto and playfulness of "D. R."—and analyse Beethoven's compositions with all the musical knowledge of "J. W. D.;" we might then hope to deal worthily with our theme.

The quintet with strings, of Hummel's, is a grand one certainly;

one of the finest of his compositions we ever heard; it is really a splendid example of this master, and it was very finely played by the whole five. Seymour, Baetens, and Lidel were all in excellent cue, gave all their brilliant soli passages *con amore*, and Mr. Waud's grand sonorous tone on his unwieldy instrument seemed to bind the whole together most satisfactorily. For variety, melody, and grandeur in harmonization this quintet surpasses all of Hummel's works we have heard: the scherzo is singularly playful, the adagio beautiful, the finale brilliant. We shall remember with pleasure the hearing this quintet in E flat minor (Op. 87); it is a very clever work. Schubert furnished Hallé with three movements to close the instrumental performances, three of his songs—"Rushing Stream," "Thou art at rest," and "The Erl King;" as usual, each in a different style, and all admirably expressed on the pianoforte. Hallé makes the instrument sing any song however wild, plaintive, or beautiful. Mrs. St. Albyn was by no means happy in her first song, the Spring Song of Mendelssohn. She was not in good voice, or something, for in the high notes she gave almost a scream, and the song altogether was very ineffective. We were much disappointed, having frequently heard her, as Miss Stewart, do much better things. In the second part, however, she had recovered herself, or was more at home, for she gave Dr. Arne's fine old song "Where the bee sucks" most charmingly. Mr. Andrews is an admirable accompanist on the pianoforte to any singer. In conclusion we must repeat that this was a most excellent chamber concert, and an intellectual treat of the highest order. The next, we see, is fixed for the 28th instant.

We have not been to the Theatre-royal lately. Since Mdle. Nau left, and the production of *The Syren* of Auber, the operas given have been *The Bohemian Girl*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Sonnambula*; Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Lanza, Messrs. Travers, Borroni, Latter, and E. L. Hime, being the principal vocalists. *The Queen of the Roses* has been withdrawn after a long and successful run of thirty-seven nights, and has been succeeded by the ballets of *Esmeralda* and *Alma*, with a farce occasionally. The manager, it is understood, is very busy preparing the Christmas Pantomime, which is to be a high treat this time for the juveniles. Baron Munchausen is spoken of as the hero.

CATHERINE HAYES IN LIMERICK.

(From a Correspondent.)

Nov. 13th.

Miss Catherine Hayes has been always received in the place of her birth with an enthusiasm commensurate with her talent. Limerick may justly feel proud of having given to the dramatic world an artist in every way calculated to win the sympathies of her audiences. Gentle, unassuming, and retiring, in private life, she has everywhere met with that attention which virtue never fails to excite. Displaying her aptitude for song from the earliest age, she has with untiring perseverance cultivated the gifts of nature, and has taken a stand which has rarely been allotted to an Irish-woman. Limerick may be proud of Catherine Hayes and George Osborne; both names will be for ever identified with the prosperity and history of the "city of the violated treaty."

It not being generally known at what time the fair vocalist would arrive, the railway was thronged, both on Tuesday and Wednesday, by numbers of people anxious to greet her arrival. However, their affection and attention was gratified at last, although, owing to some delay, the trains did not arrive for more than an hour after being due.

It is a source of deep regret that her fellow-citizens have been deprived of the pleasure of witnessing her in her *role* of dramatic characters. The occupation of the theatre until the previous Saturday by a troop of equestrians allowed no time for the necessary alterations to fit it for a dramatic corps; it, therefore, became necessary to engage the spacious concert room of the Philosophical Buildings.

Before six o'clock on Wednesday evening the ticket-holders for upper and lower galleries commenced to arrive, and long before eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the concert, every place was occupied.

The concert opened with the Terzetto from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was well sung by Madame Macfarren, Signor Bordas, and Herr Mengis. It was followed by "Non piu Audrai," by Signor

Paltoni. Although the audience displayed an anxiety amounting almost to painfulness for the appearance of Miss Catherine Hayes, yet they afforded to Signor Paltoni just attention.

The appearance of Miss Hayes was the signal for an uproarious greeting, prolonged and reiterated. The fair vocalist, though pale, looked in better health than when she was last in Limerick. The brilliancy of her voice told with great effect in the cavatina "Ah! mon Fil," from the *Prophete*. Applause loud and long followed. Herr Mengis next appeared in an aria of Ricci's, which had nothing particular to recommend it. Signor Bordas created a favourable impression in an aria of Bellini's, which followed, while Madame Macfarren's pleasing voice called down deserved plaudits for her graceful and spirited singing in the Page's song from the *Huguenots*. The aria "Com é bello" elicited an unanimous encore. Miss Hayes substituted for it one of Ricci's—I believe it is called, "Alfin brillante"—in which she displayed passages which would forcibly recall the best efforts of Persiani. The rapidity, clearness, delicacy, and precision of her utterance could scarcely be surpassed. Altogether it was a great triumph.

Miss Hayes's features are essentially fitted for dramatic effects; in that respect resembling Jenny Lind, whose face constitutes the index to her thoughts.

The first part of the concert concluded with a duetto from *Don Pasquale*, sung by Signor Paltoni and Herr Mengis.

The second part opened with the duet from *Linda*, "Da quel di," by Miss Hayes and Signor Bordas. Signor Bordas was labouring under a severe cold; he, however, acquitted himself of his part well, although it taxed him a little too much. Miss Hayes fully sustained the effect previously created by her in her former songs. Macfarren's ballad, "Forget it not," followed, which was sung with a great deal of feeling and exquisite taste by Madame Macfarren. An apology was made for Signor Bordas, on the score of hoarseness, and Herr Mengis was substituted in his place to sing the popular serenade from *Don Pasquale*. Herr Mengis is a clever artist, and appears to be both useful and obliging.

A ballad of Lavenus's, "Those happy days are gone," followed, sung with great feeling by Miss Hayes, in which she was encored, and substituted "Kathleen Mavourneen." It is needless to say the ballad was sung as only she can sing it. Bouquets followed the singing of this song; indeed, after every song she was presented with those pleasing tributes of appreciation, the more grateful to her, as she was aware that all who presented them were among her personal friends, feeling pride in her success, and heartfelt gratification in hearing again the sweet sounds of their townsman's voice, who is endeared in every Irishman's heart, and is especially honoured and appreciated among her own.

Signor Paltoni was encored in the aria buffo, "Dove mai son sineste." He has become a great favourite. The Irish ballad, "When he who adores thee," was very beautifully sung by Miss Hayes; she was encored in this also, but an apology was made for her by Mr. Joy (the manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin), who stated how fatigued Miss Hayes was by her journey, and that nothing less than that would prevent her from responding to the calls of her townspeople.

Herr Mengis sang a Swiss song, in which he introduced some extraordinary changes from the natural to the falsetto.

The quartetto, "I Poveretti," concluded the evening's entertainments, which appeared to have given unmingled satisfaction to the audience.

Madame Macfarren is deservedly a favourite, and will, I am sure, grow more in favour when Miss Hayes's admirers can settle down in gratified and calmed spirits, so as to be able to attend to the respective merits of each singer.

A concert will be given by Miss Catherine Hayes, on Monday evening, for the different charities in her native city.

November 14th.

Miss Catherine Hayes's second concert took place on Thursday night. The continued indisposition of Signor Bordas prevented the Limerick people from forming any opinion upon his capacities. In his absence several alterations were made in the programme. Curshman's trio, "Ti prego," which was originally cast for Madame Macfarren, Signor Bordas, and Herr Mengis, was sung by Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Macfarren, and Herr Mengis. The

beauty of the composition was greatly enhanced by its excellent execution by these artists. Madame Macfarren's voice told most favourably in the tenor part which she undertook at a short notice; and here it may not be amiss to pay a tribute to the great talents of this lady, who to a most agreeable personal appearance unites the accomplishments of an admirable artist. In the apartment off the concert room she was constantly engaged, either singing her parts, copying music, &c. In fact, she was never idle.

On the passing of the singers from the concert room after the trio, Miss Hayes was met at the door by the Earl of Clare, who, with his sister, Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon, were just entering. He immediately stopped her, and, after a most warm and cordial greeting, presented her with a most magnificent bouquet, which she brought out with her on every occasion afterwards.

The trio was followed by an aria buffo by Signor Paltoni, who received enthusiastic applause. The admirable singing of Signor Paltoni has made him a great favourite here. Madame Macfarren again showed the versatility of her talents by accompanying herself in Mozart's cavatina, "Voi che sapete." This was substituted for a romance which Signor Bordas was to have sung. The next aria was the well known one of Bellini, "Qui la voce," which was warbled by the fair "Katherine" in a truly exquisite manner. The perfection of Miss Catherine Hayes's shake cannot be surpassed, and the appropriate ornaments introduced by her, display an inventive faculty in that department which speaks well; while she avoids overloading with ornaments, she is most happy in their introduction where that particular school of music requires them.

Herr Mengis acquitted himself excellently in the aria "Ah non avea lagrime," (*Maria di Rudenz*). Madame Macfarren's singing in the celebrated "Il segreto" elicited most marked applause. A buffo duet from *Don Pasquale* followed, which was sung by Herr Mengis and Signor Paltoni.

The singing of Miss Hayes in the two German ballads of Schubert, "Ave Maria" and "Hark the lark," was exquisite. The absence of all ornaments in both songs was another proof of the good taste and judgment of the gifted singer. Both airs, though German, being well known, were received with demonstrations of the liveliest satisfaction.

The second part commenced with a duet, sung by Miss C. Hayes and Herr Mengis. This was followed by Macfarren's beautiful ballad, "She shines before me like a star," sung to perfection by Madame Macfarren.

A noisy nothing of Linley's followed, which was sung by Herr Mengis, when it was evidently felt that the next was to be the song. Denzetti's charming cavatina, "O luce di quest' amina," was sung by Miss Hayes with the playfulness and finish which it deserved. This, which I consider as Miss Catherine Hayes's "best," if there can be a best where all are so good, displayed the artist to the greatest advantage. A cadenza, introducing a chromatic passage, was sung with as much precision and truth as if produced by an instrument. A whirlwind of applause succeeded; the long pent up fire of the audience burst forth from all parts of the house. An unanimous encore elicited from the gifted lady the well-known and favourite finale in *La Sonnambula*, which air, however hacknied, never fails to elicit, through such artists as Lind or "The Hayes," the warmest applause.

Signor Paltoni next sang "Largo al factotum" with great success. The feelings of the audience were wound up to the greatest pitch by the national ballad, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," which was sung as only an Irishwoman, and that woman Catherine Hayes, could sing it. The expressive face and heartfelt emotions of the singer during the utterance of her native music and poetry, lent a charm to which no words can do justice.

The following verses have been sent to me by a friend. In his letter to the lady, with a copy of the lines, he thus concludes,— "Well may Erin, fallen and degraded as her fate may be, feel proud of her favoured child. Lowly and degraded as her people are, I thank God for having bestowed such great gifts on a woman of our race."

SWEET minstrel! let me hang upon thy lips,
And feel the inspiration of thy power,
Till drunk with rapture—as the bee that sips
The honey from th' intoxicating flower.

Then, only, might I dare to hymn the praise—
The glory and the majesty of thy name;
And, breathing but the spell-word of "La Hayes,"
Lend to my lyre th'eternity of fame.

Hail to thee, Goddess of the vocal lay!
Thy throne is in the empire of the soul;
Thy voice is as a magic wand to sway
The heart, and every power of sense control.

Oh, beauteous Queen of song! The bird that thrills
The moonlight echoes with its love sick plaint,
The lark that carols on his native hills,
Filling the soul with melody till it faint,

Hath never poured into the poet's ear
A strain of harmony so rich, so wild,
And fraught with ecstasy—now far, now near—
As thine, fair Katherine, Nature's favoured child!

Thy voice is ringing in my brain; the spell
Hath broken; and the frozen fount of tears
Bursts from its inmost depths, even as a well,
Whose holy waters have been sealed for years.

Oh, my lost soul! ah, whither art thou fled?
In what enrapturement hast thou swooned away?
In agony of bliss, my throbbing head
Reels like an over-laden flower of May.

Farewell, thou peerless Queen of song, farewell!
Not Heaven's own music, rapturous, divine,
Waiting the happy spirit above to dwell,
Hath power to make the heart forget the joy of thine.

A thousand blessings on thee! may thy part
Be strewn with flowers, and thy cup of life
O'erflow with sweetest pleasures, as my heart
Swells with thy magic lay—a Heaven of strife.

JOHN F. GOULDING.

"Kathleen Mavourneen," as a matter of course, had to be repeated. Herr Mengis was encored in his Swiss song, and Signor Paltoni, in an aria buffa, was also encored.

This concluded the second concert. Mr. Lavenu conducted with his usual ability.

Miss Catherine Hayes left to-day for Galway, where she will sing at a concert, and then returns to Limerick, for the charitable concert on Monday night.

Third Concert for Charity. Monday November 18, 1850.

Miss Catherine Hayes's concert, for the Charitable Institutions of her native city took place last night. The Philosophical Buildings were crowded, although the badness of the weather must have deterred many from venturing out.

The concert commenced with Bellini's quartett, "A te o cara," well sung by the four, excepting the tenor, Signor Bordas, who was suffering from a cold. Herr Mengis was applauded in the Romance from *Don Pasquale*, "E bella si come;" and Macfarren's ballad, "The love of Lady Anne," was very sweetly sung by Madame Macfarren. The exquisite singing of Miss Catherine Hayes, in Haydn's "With verdure clad," brought the charming vocalist before her audience in a new character. This song displayed the mellowness and beauty of the fair artist's voice to the greatest advantage, causing a regret that songs of the same description are not more frequently produced in the concert room. The taste of the Limerick audience was displayed in the unanimous desire for an encore evinced by them. I can only regret that the numerous duties of the artist for the rest of the concert, precluded the possibility of a repetition. Donizetti's Romance from *La Favorite* was sung next by Signor Bordas. Herr Mengis sang "Il Postiglione." The duet from *Lucia*, "Sulla Tomba," which was sung by Miss Hayes and Signor Bordas, concluded the first part.

The duet from *Norma*, I think it is called "Vieni in Roma," sung by Madame Macfarren and Herr Mengis, commenced the second part. In this, Madame Macfarren transposed her solos to suit a contralto part; whether it be an improvement or not, I won't take upon me to say, but I consider the transposition of her

solos to a soprano, which she has generally done through the opera, often had an excellent effect; and all render praise to the musician-like qualities possessed by the artist.

Miss Hayes next sang Ricci's "Alfin Brillare" so exquisitely as to cause an uproarious call for an encore, when she substituted by desire, "O' luce di quest'anima," which displays her vocalization with the greatest effect.

It is not the spirit of nationality which alone causes me to feel certain of the success which must be the consequence of this amiable lady's career—the writer of this has had the happiness of always looking forward to her ultimate triumph. From the earliest time he had the gratification of hearing Miss Catherine Hayes, he had been led to expect that she would arrive at the eminent position she now holds; and since he has become bold enough to judge for himself, he feels that ere long she will assume a position which is accorded to few. Independent of her great talent, she is admired and appreciated by those who have the pleasure of her acquaintance, and although her charitable acts or spotless virtues are not made the stock-in-trade of a puffing manager, they are not the less apparent, and are the more to be commended.

The proceeds of this last concert are to be divided equally between the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops, and to be by them distributed amongst deserving objects; and while it may be a source of regret to the dispensers of the charity that these proceeds may not even amount to as much as Ossian Dodge the vocalist paid for one ticket to a concert, it is not the less creditable to our own vocalist, who pays all expenses out of her private pocket.

Macfarren's delicious ballad, "She shines before me," was again charmingly sung by Madame Macfarren, and Signor Bordas was better than usual in a romance from *Le due illustri Rivali*. The duet between Signor Bordas and Herr Mengis, "Quando di Sangue tinto," (*Belisario*), was next sung; after which Miss Hayes introduced a new ballad by Miss A. G. Knox, which was very creditable to an amateur. An encore followed, when Miss Hayes, by the unanimous desire of the audience, sang in its stead "Kathleen Mavourneen." It is almost needless to repeat, that the audience most vociferously applauded her. Herr Mengis was again encored in his Swiss song, which vies in popularity with the former success of "The Cavalier." The quartett, "I Poveretti," concluded the concert. Signor Bordas did not try to conquer the unfavourable impression of the audience, as he never sang a note in it—probably owing to the effect of his recent illness.

On the whole, the performance gave great satisfaction. A good deal would be excused for Miss Hayes's sake, but with such artists as Madame Macfarren, Herr Mengis, and Signor Paltoni, there was not much room for cavilling.

Miss Hayes had to appear at the conclusion of the concert to receive the congratulations and offerings of her proud and gratified friends and auditors. She left this morning for Kilkenny, where she is to sing to-night. She sang on Saturday in Galway, where she met a most enthusiastic reception. She appears as *Lucia* on the 20th (to-morrow), in Dublin, and again on Saturday, between which days she gives a concert in Belfast.

Previous to her leaving Limerick, having heard that a choral society had been established by Mr. Rogers, she expressed a wish to become an honorary member, and stated that she regretted not having it in her power to remain and afford her services. She, of course, was unanimously elected, and was presented with an address from the members,

November 19, 1850.

T. D. S.

I forgot to mention that Signor Paltoni did not sing at this concert, he having gone on, I believe, to await the company in Dublin.

CORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last week was one of great excitement, in consequence of the performance of a series of Italian operas at the Theatre Royal, under the able direction of Mr. Lavenu, the composer, by our gifted countrywoman, Miss Catherine Hayes, and a highly talented company. The distinguished success of Miss Hayes in most of the European capitals is a cause of pride to all us Irishmen,

who feel that we have each a share in the national honour which is aggrandised by the individual greatness of any of our compatriots; and this pride is a pleasure in the present instance, when our Emerald Isle, whose emblem is the harp, puts forth anew her claim to be called "the land of song," on the strength of the justly earned celebrity of our native songstress. This sentiment is unanimous throughout our city, so you may well suppose that every place in the theatre, both sitting and standing, was occupied on Friday evening, to welcome the admirable artist, and to prove that her countrymen were not slower to appreciate her excellence than have been the best musical judges throughout her, thus far, triumphant career.

The opera on Friday was the *Sonnambula* of Bellini, in which the singing and acting of the *prima donna* were of the highest order, displaying the most refined cultivation of a beautiful voice, and distinguished by a natural simplicity and a truthful pathos, such as mark the very highest grade of artistic excellence. Signor Bordas, who sang with Mlle. Parodi at Her Majesty's Theatre the season before last, and stood his ground well in that most critical arena, sustained the character of Elvino with much merit. His style is somewhat exaggerated, but study and experience of the public will improve him, for he has evidently great qualifications. Herr Mengis, who accompanied Miss Catherine Hayes on her Irish tour last year, was already a favourite with us, and his performance of Rodolfo pleased no less than it did before, and it then pleased greatly. Madame Macfarren, to whom was allotted the ungrateful part of Lisa, was a stranger amongst us, and, as I found on subsequent performances, is capable of very far higher things than this opera gave her the opportunity to display;—all that I can remark of this occasion is a most lovely contralto voice, a musicianly manner, a beautiful person, shown to advantage by a characteristic dress, and a graceful and easy deportment. The audience were enthusiastic throughout the opera, every point of interest eliciting the warmest applause.

On Saturday we had Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, an opera which has never before been heard in Cork, and which was produced with a completeness that, considering the very large number of persons required for a perfect performance, surprised everybody, no less than it delighted them. Miss Hayes appeared to less advantage in the heroine of this opera than in that of the *Sonnambula*; the gentle and the pathetic certainly became her better than the grand and the terrible; but, while I own that in comparison with herself this eminent vocalist suffers in this performance, I may confidently state that, in comparison with any other artist of the present day, she may be rivalled, but cannot be surpassed. Madame Macfarren, as Maffio Orsini, appeared to much greater advantage than on the previous evening; her singing and acting of the whole character were admirable. Her *romanza*, in the first scene, was given in a manner betokening the very highest powers of declamation, and of her *brindisi*, in the last act, it is sufficient to say that, after having been rapturously encored, many of the audience demanded it a third time; her voice told with much better effect than in that of Lisa, and her appearance was perfect. Signor Bordas was decidedly good in Gennaro; his solo in the duet with Lucrezia, "Il pescator," pleased greatly, and he contributed his share to the excellent effect of the terzetto, in the second act, with Miss Hayes and Herr Mengis. This last-named gentleman, as the Duke, proved himself a thorough artist, and his merits were warmly acknowledged. Signor Paltoni was very efficient in Gubetta. I must not omit to say, that the celebrated chorus of maskers, which derived so much effect from the solo of Madame Macfarren, was enthusiastically encored. After what I have said of the reception of *La Sonnambula*, I can say nothing less than that the performance of *Lucrezia* was entirely triumphant from beginning to end.

On Monday night the performance was Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which our Irish *prima donna* has won some of her brightest laurels, a selection from the *Don Pasquale* of the same master, and a concert. The same artists appeared with the same success as in their previous performances; but my sheet is nearly full, so you must excuse my entering into further particulars than to tell you how our fair countrywoman's delivery of some of our own national airs threw the audience into a perfect ecstasy; and that Madame Macfarren's beautiful singing of the ballad

"She shines before me," from her husband's opera of *King Charles*, made everybody desirous to know more of the work.

The engagement closed last evening (Tuesday), when the performances were for Miss Hayes's benefit. The opera was *Norma*, in which, by her exquisite singing and refined acting, the *beneficiaire* outdid all her previous efforts; everything that betokens talent, matured by consummate art, was manifest in this performance, and the audience fully appreciated its merits. Signor Bordas did his best with the somewhat thankless character of Pollione, and Signor Paltoni was decidedly good as Oroveso. I must dilate upon the Adalgisa of Madame Macfarren, which was, indeed, a remarkable thing in the art. Madame Macfarren has remodelled the voice part of this character throughout, adapting it for a contralto instead of a soprano; and the general effect of the opera is, to my taste, certainly improved by the change, although I am bound to own that the last movement of the grand duet with Norma loses somewhat in brilliancy; this, however, is the only *morceau* that suffers. Madame Macfarren's personation of this part is by much the best thing she has done in Cork, and was, I think, of a character to place her in the most forward rank of lyrical artists. Her singing was exceedingly charming, and her acting appealed to the sympathies of every one.

The party left this morning for Limerick, where Miss Catherine Hayes is to give a concert for the poor, at which all the artists who accompany her will appear.

C. E.

November 13, 1850.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MUSICAL "WE" OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

"He doth your merits selfishly decry
Who writes but with a lust to misapply.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such scribbling blockheads in his stead."

SIR,—I trust the minor poets will excuse my edition of Pope, but on reference to his works they will find that I retain the *spirit* of the great author, which is not always the case with them! Mr. Chorley, not being one myself, I am disqualified from passing an opinion on his merits: the majority of the sons of earth are, in this respect, like me; I fear, therefore, his poetic genius will be too little valued—because, what we cannot well understand we have no right either to praise or condemn. But with all this gentleman's poetical superiority, he has more than once laid himself open to the rebuke even of the most prosy pedant. When he reviewed my Essay on Fugue he admitted that he did not understand it, but yet he had the charity, and did his mite, to damn it with faint praise. I wonder if the editor of the *Athenæum* thinks Mr. Chorley as superior a poet as I know him to be a superficial musical theorist and an A B C writer on this subject; or whether the editor cares little about the matter so long as

"The sneaking cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded is for truth and lie."

But, sir, without being poetically gifted myself, I think I can assist the above editor in arriving at an accurate judgment into the real merits of Mr. Chorley's poetical qualifications; for if there be truth in the following couplet, then he can be dubbed only a stringer of pet words, without poetic associations within him:—

"Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them: and the truth of truths is love."

Now then to my subject. In alluding to the difficulties in establishing an English opera, the musical "We" of the bitter *Athenæum* launches out as follows:—

"How slight and strange at once these [the difficulties] seem to certain of our professors may be judged from a recent advertisement, put forth by Mr. F. Flowers, in which he roundly declares that there is no good English opera, because there are no good English singers, and that there are no good English singers, because there are no good teachers; and that, to supply this want, [which of the three wants?] he will teach *soprano*, tenors, and sub-basses [what are they?] gratuitously, for some hours every day. It seems difficult to accept such a frank statement and proposal for earnest, even though it has been issued in print."

Firstly, I never was so stupid as to advertise that English singers had a hand in the composition of any English opera. Whether Mr. Chorley takes a poetic license, or desires to deflower me, I cannot decide; but all I know is, that his language is destitute of common sense. I have circulated that, at present, no company of English singers can long sustain a national opera, and Mr. Chorley cannot prove this idea to be an absurd one. I really wish he could.

Secondly, I will answer "we," upon the "sub-bass" question. There are many, like Mr. Chorley, (not accepting his pet foreign singing masters), who are ignorant of the difference between a bass and a baritone; and, as I addressed myself only to people possessing fine natural voices, and not to those who have been ruined by teachers, I conceived that the prefix "sub," would make them sensible that I wanted very low voices. But, as Mr. Chorley affects not to have discovered my motive for applying that term, the inference is, that he cannot be of a very imaginative turn of mind; at least, such as enjoy common sense must think so. Now, his sinister motive for affecting this simplicity is, to make me look like a simpleton, and I trust that his poetical sensibility will not be touched by this little disclosure. Furthermore, allow me to inform this genius of the *Athenæum*, that the term *sub-bass* is as sensible a one as *basso profondo*!

Thirdly, I came to show up Mr. Chorley's mercy and charity, which never faileth him, and makes him the prince of poets! It may, indeed, seem strange to a man on the press to accept such frank proposals for earnest as the one to which Mr. Chorley alludes, but it is positively true that I shall teach twenty-four singers for nothing in the *British School of Vocalization*. If Mr. Chorley had been of a generous turn of mind, he would not have allowed the readers of the *Athenæum* to doubt the honesty of my proposal, but would have waited to learn the truthfulness of it; this is something like robbing a man of his good name, but this seems of no consequence to Mr. Chorley, which argues little good in him. Had he, for example, written in the spirit of an honest Briton, not like a foreign spy, he would have said something to this effect:—If Mr. Flowers should succeed in carrying out his intentions, British vocalists will have to rejoice at it; should he not be so fortunate, his attempt will be no less creditable to him as a man and an Englishman. But, sir, this sort of spirit nowhere prevails in the writing of Mr. Chorley on my proposal; on the contrary, he first misinterprets me; secondly, doubts my honesty, and then accused me of vanity, by telling his readers that Mr. Flowers is, "in his own opinion, the best of singing masters." I do not wish to impress any one into such a belief; all I do say is, that I will perform my heavy task to the letter, and I am not so dense as not to discern that those who have not brought out twenty-four first-rate vocalists in two years, will be ranked above me, however long their standing may be. At present, I have no right to be considered a good singing master—"the proof of the pudding is in the eating," Mr. Chorley; but I shall succeed, and woe be to all such uncharitable, poetical, foreign puffers as Mr. Chorley when I do so. Yet, sir, I will then act justly even to him and his like, although I shall not want their assistance.

I hope, in future, Mr. Chorley will learn to undervalue no one till he has acquired a perfect knowledge of himself, and in order to arrive at this important inquiry, allow me to remind him that the making of books from books, poetry from poetry, scribbling from scribbling, &c., indicates no serious amount of human intelligence; for, if an ape could talk, that animal would display equal imitative faculties. Mr. Chorley can talk, and yet he cannot imitate the voice of man (showing his knowledge of vocalization and the right he has to scribble upon the subject!) but with feminine speech, he contrives to screech out very un-English-like imitations of sincerity.

Lastly, I advise this gentleman to take lessons under some foreign singing master, who, no doubt, can strengthen his "still small voice." If his dear teacher cannot, or will not do so, I can (I mean what I say) and would, if he would condescend to pay me for the cure—then he could talk like a man, which would greatly assist him in thinking, acting, and looking less like a fox, and behaving more like an Englishman to British vocalists, whom he runs down; and less like a puffer of foreign teachers, whom he runs up. Alas, how just, how sapient!—I am, sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

MUNICH, Nov. 5.—(From a correspondent.)—I have had the pleasure of hearing here lately the two talented children, Sophiè and Isabelle Dulcken (nieces to the late Madame Dulcken), twice at the Theatre of the Royal Court. Mdle. Sophiè performed some of the choicest compositions of Chopin, Thalberg, Listz, and Rullak, with a boldness and neatness as unexpected as they were surprising. Mdle. Isabelle approaches, as nearly as possible, her excellent preceptor Regondi. We have not heard the concertina since played with so much real cleverness. The young ladies are frequently compared by their friends to the Milanollo's. During the performances at the theatre they were called for five times to receive the congratulations of the audience. Mr. Henry Dulcken intends to proceed with his daughters to Augsburg, Ratisbonne, Linz, and Vienna, and afterwards return to England for the commencement of the London season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MDLE. FRANZISCA RUMMEL, who has been singing in various German towns with great success, returns to London next week.

CONCERT AT THE GUILDHALL.—Simultaneously with the ball given for the funds of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, there was also an excellent concert on Thursday evening, at which (with their characteristic liberality) some of the most eminent artists of the day assisted. The concert was given in the Council Chamber, which was elegantly fitted up for the occasion, and elicited universal surprise and gratification. Mr. Lindsay Sloper conducted the concert with great ability, and also performed with Mdle. Coulon Osborne's brilliant duett from *Les Huguenots*. Want of space deprives us of the means of particularising the many and excellent performances of the evening. The principal novelty of the concert consisted in some very graceful words from the pen of the Countess of Beauchamp, and sung with exquisite taste by Miss Dolby. The words (so the programme informs us) were adapted to some music by Mr. Brenley Richards, who also accompanied Miss Dolby, with his usual efficiency. The title of the song is the "Exile of Poland," and we hear that it is in course of publication for the ensuing bazaar to be held in Paris for the benefit of the Poles, in the month of January. Want of space at the present moment prevents the insertion of the poetry here; on another occasion we will gladly do so. When we add that the programme contained, in addition to the artists already mentioned, the names of Mdle. Angri, Miss Messent, Miss Bassano, Miss Ransford, Mr. Allen, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Bodda, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Whitworth, we think it scarcely necessary to add that the entertainment was one in every way well worthy the occasion, and also of the applause of the crowded auditors who visited the Polish fete on Thursday evening. Amongst the visitors at the concert we noticed the Lord and Lady Mayoress, Lord Dudley Stuart, the Earl of Devon, Lord Marcus Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, Sir Henry Webb, Major Herbert Edwardes, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, &c. It is said that more than one thousand pounds would be added to the funds of the institution by the evening's proceeds.

HONITON.—On Tuesday a concert, under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. Viscountess Sidmouth, was given by Mr. Flood. The Dolphin Assembly Room was fully and fashionably attended, and no doubt productive to Mr. Flood, who had catered so well for public gratification. The concert opened with the overture to *L'Italiana in Algieri*, executed with precision, and favourably received. The glee, "Queen of the Valley," and "Sweet Gratitude," followed, which gave way to a solo by Mr. Flood, whose voice perhaps for a moment faltered, doubtless, owing to the welcome appearance of so crowded an auditory. The various pieces offered in the programme do not require particular criticism; but we cannot pass by Miss Cole, a pupil of the Royal Academy, especially engaged for the occasion, and who made her appearance in the song "Come all ye glad and free." Grace and feeling formed its chief distinctions. Her singing of the "Merry Zingara" was also much admired, and in "Home, sweet Home" we were presented with a

specimen of what may be justly termed expressive singing, with that subdued pathos which captivates the judgment. The audience did not fail to demonstrate the admiration which the youthful talent of Miss Cole so well deserved, by considerable applause. Mr. Ingham gave "The last Man" with much effect. Of the instrumental performers, Mr. Wm. Haydon Flood played a solo on the piano-forte, with considerable skill, in which an accompaniment on the cornet-à-piston was introduced. In mentioning the name of Master Rendle, on the violin, we introduce a very young aspirant to the honours of his profession. Master Rendle had been heard previously in Honiton but by a few; these hailed his re-appearance with pleasure, and warmly greeted his performance. The feeling with which he played a solo of Blagrove deserved the encore it met with, and Master Rendle repaid the compliment with renewed exertion. The concert gave great satisfaction to the auditory, and we trust may be an annual offering to the lovers of music in Honiton and its neighbourhood. The name of Mr. Flood is well known and appreciated, and the profession has to lament the early death of a son, some short time since, whose publications gave evidence of a promising talent. We allude to Mr. Edwin Flood, composer of "The Sabbath Bells."

PAGANINI.—Of this wonderful magician of the violin the following interesting anecdote is related:—Travelling in Germany, the great artist arrived without the gates of Frankfurt, where he alighted, and, instead of entering the city, proceeded to a quiet and retired *auberge* in the suburbs. After having partaken of his usually slender supper, Paganini, absorbed in reverie, mounted the narrow stairs to the place assigned for his repose, a narrow and mean-looking garret. By that time the night, which was, however, remarkably beautiful, had considerably advanced, yet Paganini seated himself at the open window, and gazing into the night, saw the brilliant eyes of heaven only through the medium of his own, while the spirit of his dreamy and imaginative fancy peopled the surrounding space with strange forms and shadows that, to the rapt musician, were *not* phantasms, but partook of substantiality and real existence. Suddenly the clock of some neighbouring *kirche* struck one, and, in the space of a moment,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream,"

for instantly the remembrance of an occurrence of which he had been an earwitness occurred to his mind. The wizard violinist abruptly caught up his instrument, and endeavoured to portray sounds that still echoed through his ears. The moans and cries of a newly-born infant, the agonized sobs and shudders of the mother, were imitated with the most consummate fidelity by his wonderful bow. The unaccustomed sounds soon awakened the host, who precipitately arose, marvelling through what means such visitors could have entered his house unknown to himself. Arousing his son also, they hastened together to the apartment from whence the sounds proceeded. Their astonishment may be guessed when they perceived the tall, gaunt, almost unearthly figure of a man, or of a disembodied spirit,—for it seemed as much like the one as the other,—strangely gesticulating. But they were soon calm enough to behold that it *was* a man, apparently lost in intense thought, who, not even noticing their entrance, caused his violin to utter, so it appeared, distinct human sounds, while the pale moonlight lit up his cadaverous face with an expression not of the earth. They retired immediately, without daring to disturb the "midnight recollections" of the performer, and it was not till some time afterwards that they discovered their guest was the renowned Paganini.—*Memoranda of a Musician.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS DOLBY begs to announce that the **SECOND** of her **Annual SERIES** of Three **SOIREEES MUSICALES**, will take place at her residence, 2, HINDE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, on **TUESDAY**, the 26th instant, to commence at **EIGHT O'CLOCK** precisely. The Instrumental Music will comprise Haydn's Quartet in D, and a Trio, by M. Silas (first time of performance in London). Vocal Performers, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, and M. Jules Sockhausen. Instrumentalists, Messrs. Lindsay, Sloper, Blagrove, Dando, Schimon, and Lucas.—Single Tickets, **HALF-A-GUINEA** each, to be had of **MISS DOLBY** only. The third and last *Soirée* will take place on December the 10th.

Musical Library of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and very valuable Musical Instruments.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will sell by Auction at their Great Room, 191, Piccadilly, on Thursday, November 28th, and following Day, the **MUSICAL LIBRARY** of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, consisting of capital Works in all classes, particularly a large and valuable collection of Instrumental Music, Trios, Quartets, &c.; a fine copy of Dr. Arnold's Handel, on large paper; two Violins, and a Violoncello, by Stradivarius; and other Instruments of high quality. To which is added a Miscellaneous Musical Library, and some very valuable Musical Instruments; very recent Harps, by Erard; Schweiss, and Stumpf; Pianofortes, by Broadwood and others; a splendid Violoncello, by Amati; Violins of high character, Concertinas, and other Instruments, Wind and Stringed. Catalogues will be sent on application.

* Small parcels of Music, Instruments, Books, and other Literary Property will be received for introduction into occasional Sales, with Property of a kindred description, thus affording the same advantages to the possessor of a few lots as to the owner of a large collection.

NEW VIOLIN MUSIC.—**WESSEL and CO.** have just Published **ERNST'S "AIRS HONGROIS,"** for Violin, with Piano accompaniment, which may be procured, as well as **ERNST'S "RONDO PAPAGANO,"** of all Music Sellers, and at **WESSEL and CO'S**, 229, REGENT STREET, corner of HANOVER STREET.

APOLLONICON.

THIS magnificent Musical Instrument, constructed by Messrs. FLIGHT and ROBSON, the varied powers and beauties whereof, illustrated by Adams, Purkis, and others, are yet vivid in the recollection of the Public, having been erected at the Royal Music Hall, Adelaide-street, Strand, will be presented on (and after) the Anniversary of the Birth of the Princess Royal, Thursday, the 21st inst., for daily performances. Doors open at half past One, and commence at Two precisely. Its mechanical power, grandeur, and melody, is yet unrivalled; the cylindrical appointments being admitted as the largest and most perfect work of Musical Mechanism in the world. The Great Organ is from G G to G, five complete octaves. Pedal Organ double Bass, and Trombone from G G to C, two octaves and a half; there are 57 stops of great interest and variety, and about 2,000 pipes of most matured tone and quality; the Reed stops alone exceed 400; the Trumpet and Cremona stops are perfection; there are six distinct sets of keys, and when in full operation a like number of performers play at the same time. The performance by three cylinders, each eight feet long, two feet diameter, give tone to 300 pipes at the same time; they are arranged for Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz," Mozart's overture to "Figaro," and other esteemed works of Mozart, Cherubini, Haydn, Handel, &c.

The instrument is twenty-four feet high, twenty feet deep, and twenty-one feet wide.

The elegant form and proportions of the Hall will afford opportunities for development of its capabilities never yet possessed. Cards, passing two to Promenade, or one to Stalls and Reserved Seats, One Shilling.

Selections from the most favourite Operas, &c., arranged expressly for this most extraordinary instrument, will be performed at intervals throughout each morning.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES FREQUENTING CONCERTS, THEATRES, BALLS, &c.

PEARS'S Blanc de Perle Liquide, for imparting that much-desired harmonious colour to the **COUNTENANCE, NECK, ARMS, and HANDS.**

Various preparations are commonly sold for this purpose; but, from the large quantity necessary to maintain the desired effect, great injury is done to the delicate tissues of the Skin by their use. To obviate these evils, A. F. PEAR'S has obtained the Recipe for preparing a most innocent Liquid, free from all irritating qualities, which has been constantly used by a celebrated Actress, from her earliest youth; and whose pearl-like Bust and Arms have astonished all admirers of the truly beautiful. This Liquid imparts a most delicate softness to the Skin, combined with a highly beautiful transparent whiteness—rarely to be met with in nature.—Price 2s. 6d. per bottle.

LADIES, OBSERVE!

The Roseate Bloom of Health can in all cases be permanently ensured by the use of that perfectly innocent and wonderful **LIQUID EXTRACT, OBTAINED FROM THE ROSE**, as prepared by A. F. PEAR'S, who has received innumerable testimonials, from Ladies of the highest rank, of its invaluable and innocent properties. It imparts a most exquisite tint, which is not destroyed either by change of air or by perspiration, and is, therefore, invaluable to those frequenting public assemblies. This article has now been in use by the fashionable world upwards of thirty years, and is the sole property of A. F. PEAR'S, Perfumer, and Inventor of the Transparent Soap. It may be had of the leading Perfumers in Town and Country, and at his Warehouse, 91, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, near the British Museum, London. Price 3s. 6d. per bottle; by post, 12 extra stamps.

* * Inquire for **PEAR'S'S LIQUID BLOOM OF ROSES**,

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.
MOST POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE.

THE FRENCH DRUMMERS, AND JETTY TREFFZ, EVERY EVENING.

M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce that the **FRENCH DRUMMERS**, from the 2nd Legion de la Garde Nationale de Paris, having met with the most cordial reception from the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, patronizing his Concerts, the

"GREAT EXHIBITION QUADRILLE,"

Founded on the all-absorbing subject of the day, will be performed

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1850,

And every Evening during the Week.

THE QUADRILLE WILL BE AIDED BY

THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL ARTILLERY, under the Direction of Mr. Collins;
 THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S 2nd LIFE GUARDS, under the Direction of Mr. Grafton Cooke;
 THE BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S COLDSTREAM GUARDS, under the Direction of Mr. Godfrey; (by the Permission of the Commanding Officers);
 Also by the **FRENCH DRUMMERS**, under the direction of **M. BARRIER**, the Tambour-Major.

DESCRIPTION OF THE QUADRILLE.

INTRODUCTION—Music of Northern Nations.

No. 1.—The French Pas Acceleré, performed by the **FRENCH DRUMMERS**, including *La Chamade*, *Le Chant d'Honneur*, and *Le Banc*. The Grand Pas Redouble by the **THREE MILITARY BANDS**, and *Roulement Serré*, concluding with the *Grand Chant Militaire*.

No. 2.—The Spanish Sapatado, with Variations for Oboe by **M. LAVIGNE**; Flute, **Mr. PRATTEN**; Flageolet, **M. COLLINET**; Guitar Accompaniment, by the Messrs. **CIEBRA**.

INTRODUCTION to No. 3.—The Aurora Serenade—a Sicilian lover to his mistress. Corno-Musa Solo, **M. SOUAILLY**; Harp Obligato, **Mr. STREATHER**.

No. 3.—The Piedmontese Monferina, concluding with the Neapolitan Tarentella. Castagnettes, by **M. ISTA**.

No. 4.—Partant pour La Syrie—French air taken from an old Eastern melody, with Variations for Bombardon, by **Herr SOMMERS**; Solo, Cornet-a-Pistons, by **Herr KOENIG**; with variations on the Flute, by **Mr. PRATTEN**.

No. 5.—March of all Nations to London. The morning of the inauguration of the Grand Exhibition is supposed to have arrived. The great city, which for the first time shelters such wonderful masses from all parts of the known world, is as yet still, when at day-break the festival is ushered in by the sounding of the chimes of London, echoed far and near from each surrounding belfry. Soon the city is in movement, and the multitudes hasten towards the same goal, all eager to behold the most stupendous realization of human industry recorded in the history of the globe. A tremendous shout bursts forth, and the welcomed Nations one and all join in the glorious cry—

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In addition to the New Quadrille, the Programmes, during the Week, will include *SYMPHONIES* by Beethoven and Mendelssohn; Meyerbeer's celebrated Music from "*LES HUGUENOTS*," Madlle. **JETTY TREFFZ** will sing two New Songs for the first time—"The Mountain Daisy," by Lindley, and Beethoven's celebrated adaptation from Goethe's Poem of "*MIGNON*," entitled, "*Know'st Thou the Land*," Solos by **Mr. PRATTEN**, **M. DEMUNCK**, &c.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Promenade, Boxes, and Galleries	ONE SHILLING.
Dress Circle	2s. 6d.

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that, in compliance with the very general wish, the Season will terminate with

GRAND BAL MASQUE,

Which will take place on **THURSDAY, December 12th, 1850.**

Places and Private Boxes, may be secured of **Mr. O'BRIEN**, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from 10 till 5. Private Boxes also at **Mr. MITCHELL'S**; **Mr. SAMS**'s; Messrs. **LEADER AND COOKS**; **Mr. CHAPPELL**; Messrs. **CRAMER, BEALE, & Co.**; Messrs. **CAMPBELL & Co.**; and at **JULLIEN & Co.**'s Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "*Nassau Steam Press*," by **WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON**, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of **G. Purkes**, Dean Street, Soho; **Allen**, Warwick Lane; **Vickers**, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, Nov. 23rd, 1850.